

# DEFIANCE

## TO THE DUTCH.

**R**Ob'd of our Rights? and, By such *Water-Rats*?  
Wee'l doff their Heads, if they won't doff  
their Hats.

Affront too *Hogan-Mogan* to endure!  
Tis time to BOX these *Butterboxes* sure.  
If they the Flagg's, undoubted Right, deny us;  
Who won't Strike to us, must be stricken by us.  
A Crew of *Bores* and *Sooterkins*, that know  
Themselves, they to Our Blood and Valour owe!  
Did We for this knock off their *Spanish-Fetters*,  
To make 'um able to abuse their Betters?  
If at this rate they Rave, I think 'tis good  
Not to omit the *Spring*, but Let 'um Blood.

Rouse then Heroick *Britains*; 'tis not Words,  
But Wounds, must Work with *Leather-Apron-Lords*.  
They'r Deaf, and must be Talkt withall; alas!  
With Words of Iron spoke by Mouths of Brass.  
I hope we shall to purpose the next Bout  
Cure 'um, as we did *Opdam*, of the Gout.  
And, when i'th' bottome of the Sea they come,  
They'l have enough of *Mare Liberum*.

Our Brandisht steel, though now they seem so Tall,  
Shall make 'um *Lower* than *Low-Countries* Fall.  
But they'l ere long come to themselves you'l see,  
When we in earnest are at *Snick a Snee*:  
When once the *Bores* perceive our Swords are drawn.  
And we Converting are those *Bores* to *Brawn*.

Methinks the Ruine of their *Belgick-Banners*  
(Last Fight, almost as Ragged as their Manners)  
Might have Perswaded 'um to better things,  
Than be so Sawcy with the best of Kings.

Is it of Wealth they are so Proud become?

*CHARLES* has a Waine I hope to fetch it home;  
And with it Pay Himself His Just Arrears  
Of *Fishing-Tribute* for this Hundred years.  
That we may say, as all the Store comes in,  
The *Dutch*, alas, have but our Factors been:  
They Fathom *Sea* and *Land*; We, when we please,  
Have both the *Indies* brought to our Own Seas.  
For Rich and Proud they bring in Ships by Shoules;  
And then we Humble them to save their Souls.

'Pox of their Pictures; if we had 'um here  
Wee'd find 'um Frames at *Tyburne*, or elsewhere.  
The next they *DRAW*, be it their *Admiralls*  
Transpeciated, into *Fynnes*, and *Scales*:  
Or, which should do as well, *DRAW*, if they please  
*Opdam*, with the *Seven Sinking Provinces*;  
Or *DRAW* their *Captains* from the Conqu'ring *Maine*,  
First Beaten Home, then beaten Back again.  
Lastly, Remember, to prevent all Laughter,  
*Drawing* goes First, but *Hanging* Follows after:  
And after this so JUST, though FATAL Strife,  
*Draw* their dead *Bores* again unto the *LIFE*.

If then, Lampooning thus be their Undoing,  
Who pities them that Purchase their own Ruine?

Who will hereafter trust their *Treacheries*,  
Unless they leave their Heads for Hostages?  
For, as before of *Women* has been said,  
Believe 'um not, nay, though ye think 'um dead.  
The *Dutch* are Stubborn, and will yield no FRUIT,  
Till, like the *Wallnut-Tree*, ye Beat 'um to't.

L. Orat. *Injurias & non redditas Causam hujusce  
Esse belli audisse videor.*

With Allowance.

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